MASSACHUSETTS COLLEGE OF ART/MAY 18, 1972/VOLUME 2, NO. 7

Bob Gould/editor
Design: Rebecca Lord/design
Cheryl Winokur/paste

A student newspaper published every fortnight by the Massachusetts College of Art,
364 Brookline Avenue, Boston 02115

The feelings stated in these articles are not necessarily those of the editors and staff of MCA. Equal space will be given to any opposing views and opinions.

EDITOR

Interested in Studying ABROAD?
(approx. Dec. 27-Jan. 18)

Plans are being made for studying, during January recess, at the American Academy in Venice now. Credits will be given in a fine art studio course (two credits) and two Italian Renaissance Art/Society history courses (three credits each). Tentative price, $650., includes air fare, room and board (two meals) and tuition. If interested contact: Tom O'Hara through faculty mailbox. Please include your art dept., name, address, phone number and summer address.

This paper, number seven, volume two, is the final issue of M.C.A. this year. I feel that in the past two semesters, much has been done to give a definite direction and purpose to the school paper. After establishing a reliable consistancy of publication which the staff and myself deemed of prime importance in reference to any future development, we then chose to dedicate ourselves to producing a quality publication; this to be mirrored in the graphic and literary areas of M.C.A.

I feel both of these committments have been fully kept. The excellence of graphic work printed and the overall design of the paper reflect a committment to quality of which I am extremely proud and foreshadow the great creative possibilities of the future. This excellence has also been publicly acknowledged; our printer, the ContempoComp Division of Linguistic Systems, uses M.C.A. as quality samples of their advertising.

Within this format, the paper has often ventured into significantly new areas, such as changes in overall format, size expansion (final issue of last semester), and, as revealed in this issue, the use of color. These testings reflect the flexibility of M.C.A. and its continual search to make the best use of alloted monies. The paper completed all payments for this year entirely within its budget; no money from any other source was used and no salaries were paid to any of the staff.

Regarding published material, the paper did take an obvious position; most of the pieces published were of a literary nature for the following two reasons: first, literary copy was often the only type submitted, therefore the only type published. This move was not a decision involving the elimination of news articles, if only it were! The simple fact is that no reporting pieces were submitted thus accounting for their absence.

Secondly, I feel that a focus on the literary efforts of Mass. Art students reflect a much neglected side of student body interest. Creative work of this type is truly unique to the Community and should be encouraged more diligently. Many college publications concern themselves primarily with faculty promotions and intercollegiate sports. In M.C.A. we have tried to present a view of the work at Mass. Art which focuses more on student individuality and creativity. These efforts have been regretably hampered by lack of contribution but hopefully these problems can be remedied in the fall.

As for next year, many plans are already being made; just to list a few:

1. In each issue, a column will be run containing a complete list of local galleries, their hours, and current exhibitions. Featured shows at local museums and schools will also be reported.

2. Mass. Art events will be listed in similar fashion.

3. Reviews of current films and stagework.

4. We would like to run feature articles on school functions and concerns though these will be dependent on volunteers to report on topical issues.

5. We offer the newspaper to all future illustrators and graphic designers as a vehicle to publish your work. Published material is an extremely important and valuable part of an illustrators portfolio as recently attested to by a visiting professional in this field. (This also holds true for prospective writers in any field.)

6. I would like to work with an associate editor in September, who would eventually take over the editorship of M.C.A. Notices concerning this will be in the first issue of next year.

7. Plus occasional extra pages and color; frequency of which dependent on alloted monies for next year.

I wish to thank the design staff and all contributors for making the year most successful for M.C.A.

Bob Gould

In the remaining weeks, let us know your personal opinions on the paper this year and its projected direction. comments would be most appreciated. Please drop them in the "Newspaper" box in the mailroom or in my box

Kathy Wright

ATLANTIA

Kathy Wright

V.

In the reaches of deep space, where all reality blurs, dwarfed by the scope of the infinite, Leageon found the object of his search. He had followed the voices, those heard from the dawn of time, and now stood in answer to their beckoning call. Joy shook to the roots of his being for here before him was his goal; that for which he had ridden the currents of eternity. Encased in a monstrance of a million suns the force of the Genesis stood transfigured, patiently awaiting the coming of the star sailor.

In his mind the lips formed the question, molding each word with practiced precision, feeling the impact of each and weighing its value to the others. Teeth and tongue worked together, separating and embellishing, providing the inflections which could bring into sharp focus the yearnings of his soul. For this moment he had spanned galaxies, and now, with ember eyes tightened by the light, he awaited the answer.

And in the glory of the heavens, those of the Genesis reached, . . . reached and touched.

"What you seek is not one but many. You have traveled to this place hoping to find the answer in a word, an utterance in which lies the response to all questions. Though you have come closer than any, you still search in the ways of your fellows; for each question, an answer – for each beginning, an end."

"You are indeed right in your reasonings, but within these endless galaxies, where in every moment new worlds are born in the shadow of long dead planets and stars burst in brilliant nova, could a word be a solution to the question of all those who have the power to question?"

"Many seek goals that upon attaining they find, to their great regret, a complete mystery, finding not an answer but a choice. Your quest has led you to this crossroad, traveler, now you must choose.

"You are dead, Leageon, your mind has long since out-stripped your body. But whichever be your selection you shall be compensated. If you choose one path, you may continue as you are, for there physicalities are of no importance. In the other, search out an old friend to aid you in your new mission."

"Things have been set for you to find, voyager, stumble along your way, watch them overturn."

* * *

In the steady, heat of soon summer, the grass smells rich and full and the smell courses low to the ground, scattering its root scent among fresh emerald warriors, who slice the air into ribbon strips with each coax of the wind. From on high, yound buds watch the swaying sabers, stretching toward life giving warmth, spiraling out of umber cocoons which sheltered them through their beginning days. Now, protection no longer, they lie split wide, soon to be discarded; and the many vienned cloaks of green begin to unfurl.

Long stemmed flowers sway in idle cadence, nodding butter yellow heads in mute agreement. And the whisperings of All Life are heard within all.

Warm winds enwrap the seated companions, searching out the hills and valleys of their forms and dancing briefly in secret hollows, opening for a moment the dark caves in their draped garments.

A cloud drifts in front of the suns, striking the shade a deep, cool blue.

Within the realm of your mind you may travel for only a brief time. Many adventures lie to wait, many possessions longer to be found. But soon the need to share yourself with other begins to grow. It can get lonely by yourself, thinking thoughts only thought by you, touching things touched only by you, and longing to share and learn with others."

A wisp of dried grass blew across the Master's hand, lingered for a moment, then continued on its way.

"A reflection of a thorned branch in still water mirrors only itself; but when the water rolls in ripples in the wake of buffeting winds, it becomes a smooth, rhythmic shadow, pulsing endlessly on its course."

"When yourself is contained by yourself the beauties of your being lie locked from others, held fast in the strong harness of isolation. Do not hold the wonders you have seen so tightly, for within that container they will soon fester and decay, losing the splendor that is truly their own. What is you can die very completely, very quickly, if not nurtured and fostered; for it is very young and the very young are very fragile."

"Sing the joys of together, my friends, and rejoice in your gatherings. Float soft and to those you touch, speak quietly, to bend their ear to the learnings of your life."

"Master, teach us the final lesson."

He raised his head as his hand lowered to touch the heather carpet.

"To talk, to learn, to understand,
to exchange, to grow, to give,
to argue, to quarrel, to confront,
and share and talk to learn . . ."

The word hung in the clear air and echoed in rolled mountains and wooded glens, sounding down cascading brooks and soaring with those gifted with flight. It burrowed deep in the rich earth with those who dwell there, and washed ashore on the foam fingers of the great waters.

"Walk with me now and guide my steps, for soon I shall walk alone."

As all arose, Morning Glory smiled softly, for the one once scorned had returned again to his people.

EPILOGUE

How deep course the shallows?
To what heights peak the frozen sea?

I feel the chilled wash of Life-past
Touch my wary cheek
Beckoning to me; said,
"Turn and meet your master!"

In the fury of the frost
Star points of lifes living
Stream into my eyes.
To caress a day weary head,
or splinter
a same saddened skull.

Oh, how deep course the shallows?
How wide run the rivers?
I embrace you, brazen Life-past,
Hold your ebony to my warmth.
And we shall move with measured step
to the mantled home of your grey brother,
Tomorrow.

copyright proceedings
begun May 9, 1972

THE DIARIES OF GOD

Another couple of days of rain
Another couple of days of pain
Got to put up with all their shit
Don't they know we're sick of it
Have to go out and face the noise
Thinking people are only toys
All the phonies who run around
Ego's hanging to the ground
They don't understand what's real
All they have is what they steal
Understanding is not a vice
Don't seem like it happens twice.

D. A. Cupcake

Sombre Tone, Intimations of Immorality, and Abstruse Absurdity
Compliments of Eric Liberty Kimball
Eddie Haskell Imitations, Assorted Cretins, Mutants, and General Hoo-Haw
Humbly Presented by Young Thomas Canty

VII

Dear Diary,

Little has changed, few situations have altered, since last I set pen to paper. I have been taking my leisure, sipping a bit of "tequila," and quietly surveying the comings and goings of little Binky.

A great comfort he is to me these days, his tiny antics serving to keep my thoughts from taking a more melancholy turn. A brave affection I have developed for the miniscule fellow, as have Willie and Sam, and indeed, we now spend the greater portion of our time engaging him in certain games we recently devised. And oh, how the mite loves to play!

Oh, how his little face shines when he sees that we are in a playful mood! How glad he is to share our company at such times! How he squeals with delight to discover what new bit of fun we have thought up for him!

At first our inventions were rather simple and necessarily concerned themselves with those few elements we had immediately at hand. Still, Binky had grand fun playing "Drop the Rock," "Don'tcha Frown," and "Cigar in the Face." He absolutely trembled with excitement whenever we called him over for a game!

"Drop the Rock" was Willie's idea. He'd lower onto Binky's scrawny shoulders a stone that was some several thousand times his own weight. Binky would then struggle to keep from dropping it, all the while racing up and down a nearby mountain. Oh, how hard he struggled! How he ran and ran, his matchstick legs ready to snap at any moment 'neath the colossal weight! And if his burden he did let fall, how quickly he made to place it once again upon his back, Willie liberally sprinkling his microscope frame with great rolling bolts of lightning to urge him on! Little Binky loved it!

"Don'tcha Frown" and "Cigar in the Face" were both Sam's ideas. The first went something like this: every two seconds, Sam would mash Binky into the ground with his fist. If Binky did not bow and smile and say "Thank you, sir" (and if he did not show a great deal of sincerity) after each mashing, Sam would pull one of his fingers off.

"Cigar in the Face" was considerably less sophisticated, but entirely as enjoyable. It went like this: Sam would simply sit and wait until he could catch Binky off guard – then he would quickly thrust the lit end of a cigar into his face! How Binky delighted in that one! And what great friends he grew to be with Sam!

Yes, they were simple, those first few games . . . nothing at all like those we now play – "Crunchy Foot," "Twisty Limb," "Crawly Stomp" – and even these, I suppose, will soon be outdated . . . Sam tells me that he is close to perfecting a few new choice amusements for dear Binky, two of which, I think he said, were called "Aging" and "Disease." What promise the future holds!

In any case, I must return now to dear Binky. He has promised to chant my praises until he's blue in the face. Sounds interesting.

Don'tcha frown,
GOD

the sunshine girl
who rose
to the loosest rein
sewn with
on her paisley chest
the sunshine girl
who managed to hide
from that masked avenger
or date with her willful soul
and now i remain
a solemn
solitary
force
as a reminder
of the faith that was

our sunshine girl
the pie
that inside life worth it
for a while
then
drew me with her depression
a reflection
on life as it was
then
and ever will be. amen

B.L. Doliber

Margarite Loller

Margarite Loller had a passion
for banana cream pies
and always wore her spectacles just so
her eyes looked at you over the rims.
On Sunday Margarite made a rule
of eating Malcolm the Baker Fool
whose heart was well done weekly
in a banana cream pie marked neatly
M so that Margarite would note
that M stood for both their names.

But Margarite Loller having a passion
for banana cream pies and not
the baker whose heart was well cooked
payed for her pies and left the shop
without a second smiling look.
At first Malcolm did nothing to save
the situation which was looking grave.
But he soon decided, if he got no response from M
He'd add some poison in the pip
and no antidote therein . . .

for Margarite Loller who had a passion
for Banana Cream Pies.

Kathy
5/8/72

Non-objective reality
Haptic
Caustic
Me. Take me away
In your dream machine
Feller
Let's buzz dreamboat
Who floats down the
River that isn't
And you aren't either
I wish I could be real
Deal me out and
Float me in your bathroom
Bowl
* * * * * * * * *

S Welsh

* * * * * * * * *

Pacing back and forth
Across you
I am like a wild animal
Contained.
How do I spell your name?
C h-r-i-s-t-o-p h-e-r
How do you smell clay? (Does a goldfish fart in his drink
ing water?)
Good. Satisfied.
Wherever I am.
* * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * *

Crazy.
Crazy broad
God!

S. Walsh